THE Good-wives VINDICATION: OR, AN ANSWER To a late Saucy PAMPHLET INTITULED The Womens COMPLAINT On the Account of their being to be Buried in WOOLLEN.

By a Person of Quality.

With Allowance, *August 26. Roger L'Estrange.*

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THE Good-wives VINDICATION.

AND why the *Womens Complaint*, Mr. *Impertinent*? Are there not a many Gray-bearded Coxcombs in *Breeches*, that are as much concerned at the Buſineſs? would not old *Pinch-gut* the Uſurer be gladly buried in one of his Canvas *Money-bags*; and young Squire *Lack-wit* (dying for Love of his Mothers Chambermaid) think himſelf as happily Interr'd in his Miſtreſſes *Smocke*, as a Devout Papiſt when his Bones are wrapt up in the *Coul* of St. *Francis*? May not the

Tribe of *Smec*, (thoſe profeſt Antipodes to Authority) take *Fett*, and make it as much a Greivance to their *No-Conſciences*, to wear a Flannel Shroud, dead, as an *Holland-Surplice* living? The thing in either caſe is confeſt to be Innocent and Indifferent, yea, in it ſelf Decent, Commendable, and Uſeful; but when once the Law has Commanded it, *Then*, ah then, in an inſtant (according to the *Bedlam*-Logick of theſe Left-handed Caſuiſts) it becomes intolerably Unlawful.

But how came this *little Scribler* ſo intimate with the Good-wives and their Reſentments, thus (like a falſe Brother) to betray the Councils of their *Goſſiping*? Was he ever choſen *Secretary* to a Female-Committee, or Regiſter to a *Billingſgate* Synod? Or did he ſtand Eveſdropping behind the Hangings, like *Anonios* at a Conventicle, with *Gouty Fiſt* and *Noddle awry*, to take their Dialogues in *Short-hand*? Here's *Blabbing* doings with a witneſs! a few Jovial Laſſes cannot have a diſh of

Chat

Chat over a Cup of *Burnt-Clarret*; nor an Amorous Cully write an Epiſtle full of *Love* and *Peaſe porridge* to his dear Landabridis in *Golden lane*, but 'tis bawled about Streets lowder than *naughty Turneps* or *Kitchinſtuffe*: If theſe miſchievous dabblers in the Ink-pot want *Cole*, preſently a *Miracle* muſt be wrought for their Dinner, and ſome *Bloody Murder* or other committed to furniſh them with Ale and Brandy; Nay rather then fail, they'l make the Devil himſelf do their Drudgery, and *Maw Oats* all night long for their pleaſure: but that's but a civil Courteſie; they may well ſet him to work for once, that has imployed them ſo often.

But beſides, I am confident, the ſneaking *Varlot*, in this matter, has done the honeſt *Girls* groſs Injuſtice; for 'tis well known if they can but have kind *Gallants*, good *Chear*, and *fine Cloaths* whilſt they are *alive*, they ſeldome trouble themſelves with Melancholy thoughts of what

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ſhall *happen* to them after they are *Dead*; nor is it likely they ſhould retain ſuch paſſionate regards for their *Wedding-Linnen*, who are ſo far grown out of Charity with that Ceremony it ſelf, as to count a *Wife* a Name of Bondage or Reproach, whilſt that of *Miſs* proves both more *Modiſh* and *Advantagious*.

Had our indiſcreet *Lamentation-maker* repreſented his weaker Veſſels *leaking* out Complaints againſt drying *Coffee*, or enfeebling *Tobacco*; bemoaning the care and trouble attending *Children*, and the Charges of *Houſe-keeping*; the difficulty of getting good *Servants*, not without reckoning up, and comparing all the *faults* of their reſpective *Handmaids*; had he put them upon a Debate, whether it be poſſible for a Lady to loſe her *Honour*, as long as ſhe maintains a *Coach* and *Six*; Which is the moſt infallible Mark to chooſe an able Husband by, either a *Roman Noſe*, or the promiſing *Calfe*; Whether

ther Point *de Venice*, or *Flanders-Lace*, a Flower'd Satten Gown, or one of wrought Tabby, ought to have the uppermoſt Seat at Church; How many Hairs preciſely, an Accompliſht Tow'r muſt contain; Whether *Green Stockings* were ſtill the Mode, and how many degrees the *Rump-knot* ought to be Elevated towards the *Left ſide*, above the *Horizontal Huckle-bone*; Theſe had been probable Subjects for their judicious Debates, and fit to have been Recorded to poſterity by ſuch a doughty Hiſtorian.

But to fancy they ſhould concern themſelves about matters of State, or things of another World, is a ſcandal to their diſpoſition, who have ever been obedient enough, and ready to *bear* what ever is laid upon them: how often have the kind Souls expoſed their tender fleſh to ſturdy Buff and ſhall they now be afraid to ſleep in a *Grave-gown* of Flannel! No, no, they rather hate the thoughts of a *Winding-ſheet*,

sheet, because it sorely puts them in mind of the *Hemp-office*, wherein some of them have suffered so many Tribulations. In a word, they scorn such ridiculous Niceties: 'tis true, they have no great inclination to be Buried with, or without Linnen; but if they must to the Pit-hole, they are freely content, their old Smocks should be left behind, and go to make *Paper*, as hoping, *young Gallants*? 'twill make you love your *Books* the better; or (if you think that more necessary) your *Surgeons* shall have them for *Lint*: for be assured, Gentlemen, they are any way at your service.

FINIS.